

THE AMADOR LEDGER.

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Postoffice and I will call on you. Estimates furnished without cost on any kind of building. Will make plans and specifications for you. mar26

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AN ARAB'S HORSE.

The Story of an Englishman's Attempt to Purchase It.

In his "Souvenirs d'un Voyage" M. Spoll describes a visit to Arabia and the attempt of an English friend to buy an Arabian horse. The Englishman was at great pains to induce the Arab who owned the horse to agree to sell him. He persuaded the man to make an appointment to conclude the sale after employing "as much diplomacy as would be used in a year in making or breaking the balance of power in Europe."

On the eventful day the Englishman, with M. Spoll and M. Lascaris, rode to the rendezvous and found the Arab sitting by his horse, which was browsing quietly.

"Las salan aleik" (I salute you), began the Englishman cautiously. "What shall I pay you for your horse?" "Who knows?" said the Arab. "Throw on my cloak here whatever you offer."

Three thousand piasters fell at the feet of the impassive Arab, then 10,000, then 10,000 more. The Arab's eyes shone. Ten thousand piasters more would he have.

"Ah," he said, going up to his magnificent animal, "we must part."

The Englishman began to ride the horse. The Arab sobbed. Suddenly the intelligent animal, perceiving his new owner, sprang away and neighed mournfully. No one could doubt that he knew what was going on.

With one bound the child of the desert was in the saddle. "Adieu!" he said. "Your money could never replace my only friend!" And he vanished in a cloud of dust.

"Stupid!" cried my English friend, and then we rode home in silence.

Mirth, Not Misery, Loves Company.
I have always doubted the proposition that "misery loves company" and have believed that such a statement was first put forth by some arch hypocrite whose misery was but a pretense and who was beckoning some other sham sufferer into a quiet corner where they could both be jovial on the sly.

However slight my knowledge of universal misery may be, I can attest from personal experience that my own misery claims solitude and slips away all by itself and turns the key upon the curious world, asking nothing so much as to be "let alone." I do not care to weep in company, nor would it cheer me to have a chorus of other weepers to sob in unison with me. Rather would I remain in unmolested wretchedness until my tears had vanished and my eyes and nose assumed normal appearance.

"Tis mirth then, and not misery, which plines for company. Fun cannot thrive alone and flourishes only among congenial spirits. Our laughter must be shared, our smiles responded to, and every glance of merriment needs recognition to make it worth the while.—Caroline Ticknor in Atlantic.

The Essential Thing.
The primary class in Sunday school was listening to a lesson on patience. This, according to the Boston Herald, was what came of it, at least in the minds of the more literal minded children:

The topic had been carefully explained, and as an aid to understanding the teacher had given each pupil a card bearing the picture of a boy fishing.

"Even pleasure," said she, "requires the exercise of patience. See the boy fishing. He must sit and wait and wait. He must be patient."

Having treated the subject very fully, she began with the simplest, most practical question:

"And now can any little boy tell me what we need most when we go fishing?" The answer was shouted with one voice:

"Bait!"

Pat's Puzzle.
Five or six men were recently chatting in a village inn when one of them said:

"I say, I bet ye dinners all round ye can't tell me the answer to a puzzle I know of."

"Done," they said. "I bet we can. What is it?"

"Well," said Pat, "why is a journalist the funniest creature in the world?"

After vainly trying for about two hours they sadly said they must give it up.

"Why," said the delighted Pat, "because his tale comes out of his head, don't it?"—Spare Moments.

Willie and His Politeness.
Willie (reading his verse at Sunday school)—And they took Joseph's coat, killed a boy and dipped the coat in the blood.

"Now, Willie," said the teacher, "you know the text reads 'killed a kid,' not a boy."

"Yes, but didn't you tell us it is vulgar to say 'kid' when talking about little boys?" replied the apt scholar, beaming with delight at his good memory.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

RUNNING TO A FIRE.

How the Horses Enjoy the Mad Dash Through the Streets.

Every one who has watched fire horses dashing through the streets in answer to an alarm will admit that the animals seem to enjoy the run. This idea is brought out by Sewell Ford in "Horses Nine," as follows:

For Silver all other minor pleasures in life were as nothing to the fierce joy he knew when, with a dozen men clinging to the handrails, the captain pulling the bellerope and Lannigan, far up above them all, swaying on the lines, the Gray Horse truck swept up Broadway to a first call box.

It was like trotting to music if you've ever done that. Possibly you could have discovered no harmony at all in the confused roar of the apparatus as it thundered past. But to the ears of Silver there were many sounds blended into one. There were the rhythmic beat of hoofs, the low undertone of the wheels grinding the pavement, the high note of the forged steel lock opener as it hammered the footboard, the mellow dingdong of the bell, the creak of the forty and fifty foot extensions, the rattle of the iron sled shoes, the rat-tat-tat of the scaling ladders on the bridge and the muffled drumming of the leather helmets as they jumped in the basket.

With the increasing speed all these sounds rose in pitch until, when the team was at full swing, they became one vibrant theme—thrilling, inspiring, exultant—the action song of the truck.

Burial Customs.
The Turks perhaps were the first people to use ornamental burial grounds such as we call cemeteries, but as to when this custom was first adopted in the land of the crescent no one seems to know. The earlier Jews buried their dead in the earth, that method being without doubt the most ancient burial mode known to man. The very earliest Egyptians seem to have understood the art of embalming and to have practiced it from time out of memory. The ancient Greeks and Romans cremated the body, the ashes only receiving sepulture, except in case of illustrious warriors, statesmen, etc., these latter being buried unburned as a special mark of favor.

Some ancient tribes preserved only parts of the body and burned or buried the remainder. The parts retained and preserved, dried or in liquid, varied according to tribal notions. With some it was the heart that was thought to be too sacred for cremation or burial, with others the liver, ears, nose, tongue or fingers. The Tartars of 2,000 years ago preserved only the thumb and toe nails of their dead.

Amusements of Great Men.
Here are a few amusements of great men: Edmund Burke, fanning; Lord Byron, swimming; Carlyle, riding and smoking; Lord Chatham, bowls; Darwin, backgammon, music, smoking and snuff taking; Dickens, bowls, walking, smoking and snuff taking; Tom Hood, shooting; Kingsley, fox hunting, music and smoking; Lamb, witnessing performances of "Punch," card playing, snuff taking and smoking; Lord Lytton, gardening, walking, music and smoking; Captain Marryat, snuff taking; Lord Palmerston, horse racing; Lord Palmerston, horse racing; Shelley, making and sailing paper boats; Sydney Smith, chess, swimming, riding and music; Wesley, whist; Dean Swift, harnessing his servants with cords and driving them up and down stairs.

A Touch of Ireland in Spain.
When I was at Malaga, the light-house was out of order, and some Americans had complained officially that their shipping interests were being damaged. No answer was received for two years. Then it was declared that it was the fault of the earthquake which had taken place many years previously. Finally the light was put out altogether because it interfered with the fireworks. When a pair of boots I had ordered did not fit and I complained to the maker, he arrived indignantly to protest. "They fit here," he said, prodding my tender toe, "and they fit there," another prodd. "You cannot expect them to fit everywhere all at once."—Blackwood's Magazine.

The Discovery of Felt.
Felt is a union of animal hair with wool in such a manner as to produce a firm, compact substance. Its discovery was of so much importance that it seemed necessary to attribute it to divine agency, and hence we have a tradition of saintly origin. When St. Clement was fleeing from his persecutors his feet became blistered, and in order to abate the pain he placed wool between his sandals and the soles of his feet. On continuing his journey the wool, by the perspiration, motion and pressure of his feet, became a uniformly compact substance, which was afterward denominated felt.

Embarrassed.
"What a beautiful luncheon!" said the guest.

"Yes," answered Mr. Cumrox, "mother and the girls say it is all right."

"But you aren't enjoying it?"

"No. I'm a little embarrassed. I've been standing over here trying to figure out which are the edibles and which are the decorations."—Washington Star.

A Historical Article.
Little Willie—Say, pa, what's a warship?

Pa—A warship, my son, is a mechanical device used in manufacturing history.—Chicago News.

The Winter of Discontent.
The four seasons are seldom on good terms with each other. There is a decided coolness between autumn and spring.—Philadelphia Record.

To Cure A Cold In One Day
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CASTORIA
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Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Watson*

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MAKING FORTUNES.
The Money of the Market Not For the Man With a Theory.

Fortunes have been made in the Chicago board of trade not by men who entered the market with a preconceived theory as to its course, which they attempted to make good through thick and thin, but rather by those who took things as they came, watching the drift, shaping their way from day to day, like prudent merchants, according to the current.

This is confusing to the novice, for the novice almost always comes in with a preconceived theory. Some time ago a young man with a large hope, a moderate fortune and considerable social possibilities in December port. It looked absolutely convincing, but he called upon a great packer with whom he had a personal acquaintance. Yes; the packer thought very well of pack—was buying it, in fact. Thus doubly assured the young man bought. The market went his way, and he bought more. Then the market turned. The young man reviewed his convincing statistics, remembered the words of the packer and stood stubbornly upon his line. When he was getting near to the end of his margins, he was horrified to learn that his friend the packer had shifted to the other side of the market two weeks before. He visited him, recalled their conversation and explained the situation. The packer stared. "Do you mean you've been holding 2,500 barrels of pork all this time?" he demanded. "Yes," said the young man, "and I have it yet. Now, what can I do with it?" "I don't know," said the packer, "unless you can eat it."—Will Payne in Century.

Vampire Superstitions.
The prevailing belief in European countries was that vampires were the ghosts of suicides or others who had died violent deaths and were forced by the devil to leave their graves at night and feed on the blood of men and women, and any who died at the hands of these dreadful creatures also became vampires. In this way beautiful women became vampires and enticed young men and fed on their blood and flesh.

It was believed that they had power to assume any shape or form desired between sunset and sunrise and that they committed most of their awful deeds at midnight. They were powerless in the daytime and were generally in a torpid state. Garlic and wild rosebushes were guards against them, and crucifixes were feared by them. To prevent suicides from becoming vampires they were buried with a stake driven through their hearts, and the straw they had slept on was burned. All the dogs and cats in the village were locked up, for if a dog or cat jumped over a corpse it was sure to become the home of a vampire.—Chicago Tribune.

A Narrow Escape For One Man.
The importance of examining closely the hair found on weapons was shown in a case in which a hatchet having clotted blood and hair adherent to it was produced as evidence against a prisoner suspected of murder in a little country town. It was found under his bed. This, with other circumstantial evidence, had turned public opinion strongly against the prisoner, but when the hair was examined by a microscopist who happened to be in the court, it was found not to be human, but that of some animal. This circumstance led to a more complete sifting of the evidence, and the accused was acquitted. It turned out that he had killed a dog with the hatchet and had carelessly thrown the weapon under the bed. So his life literally hung on a hair.

Where Life Is Strenaous.
Here in the northwestern encounters the living representation of the strenuous life. Here men work together in a way unknown anywhere else. The east is insular, every man for himself. The northwest, indeed the whole west, has learned the value of co-operation and community interest. Migrating to a new country, with difficulties and dangers on every hand, the people have been forced to combine and stand with solid front to the world. As a result formidable organizations have sprung up having for their purpose the advancement of some community interest.—Ray Stannard Baker in Century.

DISGUISES OF NATURE.

The Quality of Defense Is Found In Every Animal.

By a decree of nature one-half the world flourishes at the expense of the other half. The sparrow chases the butterfly, but the hawk chases the sparrow. For the problem of life is twofold. It is not enough merely to eat. It is necessary to avoid being eaten. Yet nature detests killing for killing's sake. Massacre forms no part of her great plan. So we see that every creature is provided with some more or less effective quality of defense by means of which the attacks of its natural enemies are rendered less frequent or less deadly.

Thus the antelope by means of its superior speed at times escapes from the lion. The armadillo, rolled in its wondrous coat of mail, lies secure among a score of hungry, gnawing foes, while the white hare, scarcely distinguishable from the snow on which it crouches, is often overlooked by his foe. But of all creatures none has received more ample protection than the insects. Some of them possess stings, others bite, and a few puff out clouds of poisonous vapor to stupefy or blind their pursuers. Again, there are insects clothed in impenetrable armor, insects covered with sharp spines and prickles and others whose means of defense consist in nothing but a likeness to the objects which surround them.—Royal Magazine.

He Got It.
"You have a lovely hand," remarked the youth as he grasped the fair maiden's hand mixer.

"Do you really think so?" she queried in a tone that was calculated to push him over the hurdle.

"That's why," answered the unsuspecting victim of circumstances, "I admire a beautiful hand, but mine is apt to be mistaken for a ham. I wish I had one like yours."

"Then," suggested the willing maid, "why not pull yourself together and ask for it?"

P. S.—They are now selecting the furniture.

No Ennui There.
"No; we're never troubled with ennui out at my house. Our minds are always occupied."

"What way?"

"Well, I'm trying to guess what my wife will say to me when I get home, and she's trying to guess what new excuse I'll have for being late."—Chicago Post.

Test of Altruism.
Little Willie—Pa, what's an altruist?

His Father—A man, my child, who carries his umbrella all day without using it, and then is glad it didn't rain on account of the people who had no umbrellas with them.—Judge.

Out of Place.
A sentry, an Irishman, was on post duty for the first time at night, when the officer of the day approached. He called, "Who comes there?"

"Officer of the day," was the reply. "Then what are yez doin' out at night?" asked the sentry.—London Fun.

Crucial Test.
A great struggle arises in a woman's mind when she is asked what her new gown cost. She is always in doubt whether to cut the price in half and make you envy her the bargain or double it and make you envy her affluence.—Spare Moments.

The Lucky Man.
A.—That's Jones' daughter with him. She's just about to be married.

B.—Who's the lucky man?
A.—Jones.

After crosses and losses men grow humbler and wiser.—Franklin.

Originality is simply a pair of fresh eyes.—Hilgimsson.

The Plan That Failed.
"Well," said one undergraduate to another, "did your father send you that extra remittance that you asked for?"

"Not any. He gave me the marble heart."

"So you asked for rocks and got a stone, eh?"

The Dear Children.
"Nobody ought ever to undertake to be a schoolteacher who doesn't love children."

"Oh, but I did love children until after I became a teacher of them."

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A Selected Stock of

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SAVE MONEY.—Patronize a home institution. Send money away through the Bank of Amador County; you will save 10 per cent and upward over postoffice or express. Money sent to all parts of the United States and also all parts of the world. We have the latest quotations on foreign exchange.

SAVE MONEY.—It doesn't cost anything to deposit money in the Bank of Amador County. They receive deposits from \$5 up. Commence the new year by opening up a bank account. A man or woman with a bank account has a financial standing. Don't bury your money; when you die it can't be found and you are liable to be robbed while alive.

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Table Supplied With the Best in the Market
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The Habit of Decision.

The great thing in all education is to make our nervous system our ally instead of our enemy. It is to find and capitalize our acquisitions and live at ease upon the interest of the fund. For this we must make automatic and habitual as early as possible as many useful actions as we can and guard against the growing into ways that are likely to be disadvantageous to us as we should guard against the plague. The more of the details of our daily life we can hand over to the effortless custody of automatism the more of our higher powers of mind will be set free for their own proper work. There is no more miserable human being than one in whom nothing is habitual but indecision and for whom the drinking of every cup, the time of rising and going to bed every day and the beginning of every bit of work are subjects of express volitional deliberation. Full half the time of such a man goes to the deciding or regretting of matters which ought to be so ingrained in him as practically not to exist for his consciousness at all. If there be such daily duties yet not ingrained in any one of my readers, let him begin this very hour to set the matter right.—From "Psychology," by Professor William James.

An Old Legacy.

A Wednesday (England) resident in the sixteenth century left \$1,000 to provide annually on St. Thomas' day three gowns and three coats to indigent persons of the parish. Following the custom of the times, the money was invested in land (in this case in minerals) and the original legacy has increased in value to \$30,000. Instead of the three gowns and three coats the charity commissioners who administer the funds are able to present 200 gowns and sixty coats.

Castor Oil.

A simple method of taking castor oil, according to Medical News, without producing any nauseating effects is to instruct the patient to wash out the mouth with water as hot as can be borne, swallow a little of it, then swallow the oil and follow this by rinsing out the mouth with hot water. The first swallow of the water cleanses the mouth, makes the membranes hot, so that the oil does not stick, and consequently slips down easily.

Hard to Please.

Brown—You don't look very happy, Dumley.
Dumley—I have just lost a liver on a bet.
Brown—That's bad.
Dumley—Yes. I had an awful attack of rheumatism this morning, and that young squirt of a doctor, Talspave, bet me a liver he could cure it before night, and I'll be hanged if he didn't win the money!

The Main Thing.

Ted—Midge is the loveliest little thing you ever saw. Why, that girl is worth a million.
Ned—But has she got it?—New York Times.

The Unexpected Reunion.

St. Peter—Which wife do you want to live with?
Shade—Are they all here?
St. Peter—Yes.
Shade—I thought you said this was heaven!—Detroit Free Press.

He Wishes His Forehead.

"She—Don't you always shiver when you pass the cemetery?
He—Not I. I'm going to be cremated.—Columbia Jester.

Her Dainty Detour.

"Madeleine is such a dainty little person."
"Isn't she? Why, it just fascinates me to see her nibble her way round a hole in a bit of Swiss cheese."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Suspicious Symptoms.

Tiffington—I'm getting old.
Widdleton—Oh, no.
Tiffington—Yes, I am. I've begun to think that I look young for my years.—Brooklyn Life.

To keep their respect whip a surly dog, but kick a fatterer.

Never argue at the dinner table, for the one who is not hungry always gets the best of the bargain.—Colton.

A Skillful Advertiser.

Many years ago Sir Thomas Lipton was a passenger on an East Indian steamer bound for Ceylon. While in the Red Sea the boat was disabled, and it became necessary to throw overboard a part of her cargo. Lipton was an interested spectator of the preparations for lightening the ship. Suddenly he bolted the scene and by a twenty dollar dicker with the chief engineer secured a paint brush and a pot of black paint. Then, to the astonishment of the captain and passengers, he cheerfully labeled each box and bale thrown overboard "Use Lipton's Tens." The cargo, of course, floated ashore, and for miles in Arabia and other lands the natives saw that legend. Subsequently the passengers on the injured steamer were compelled to abandon it and take to small boats. On reaching land Sir Thomas was the first to make a cable office and wire the destruction of the boat and safety of the travelers to London. The message was signed "Lipton." Of course his name was in every English newspaper the next morning, signed to that message, and he was the best advertised man in the kingdom.

Unappreciated.

The shrewdness of one of the founders of a famous estate in Maine gave rise to many amusing stories, one of which has recently been retold.

One day the man, who was a large lumber operator, was superintending a crew which was breaking up a log jam in the river. Suddenly the spruce on which he was standing slipped. The lumberman dropped out of sight in the water, and the logs closed over him.

The nearest Frenchman saw the accident. Hopping briskly over the slippery logs, he helped the "boss" to land.

Nothing was said about the accident. After an hour or so the Frenchman began to get anxious because the reward which he considered due was not forthcoming. He approached the lumberman and, pulling clumsily at his cap, stammered:

"I see you fall in, m'sieur, an' I run quick to pull you out 'fore you drown."

"Pro'ly," snapped the lumberman—"pro'ly if you'd been 'tending to business as you'd oughter you wouldn't have seen me fall in!"

The Early Maine Schools.

The first schools in some Maine towns have been attended with romantic circumstances. The first school in Guilford, for want of a better place in which to utilize the young idea, was held "in the loft over Captain Bennett's open shed." In Dexter the first gathering of urchins for instruction was in "Lieutenant Stafford's barn." In Corinth the first school was held in the open air under a large tree.

The first schoolroom in Exeter was perhaps as unique as any. Crocheted poles were set in the ground back of Mr. Barker's barn and on these other poles were laid, while around the sides of the boards were set up on end to inclose the space where the school was held. Scholars of the present day would look askance at such conveniences.

Irene's Opportunity.

Willie—"What makes you come to our house so often, Mr. Hankinson? Do you want to marry me?"
Miss Irene (taken by surprise, but realizing with rare presence of mind that Mr. Hankinson has to say something now)—Willie, you impertinent boy, leave the room!

Usually the opportunities that come to a man are those that knock on his door on a cold morning and he has to go out in his bare feet and coax in.—Atchison Globe.

From the Courts.

"I hear that noise wherever I go," said he. "What is it?"
"Don't be alarmed," were replied. "That's only somebody's relatives breaking his will."—Newark News.

The Trouble With the Clock.

"What time is it?" asked his wife suspiciously as he came in.
"About 1."

Just then the clock struck 3.

"Gracious! When did the clock commence to stutter?" he said, with a feeble attempt at justification and a joke.

A Prentice Hand.

"That man you had doing some carpenter work is a fraud."
"How do you know?" He did good work."
"That may be, but he's no carpenter. He cleared up the mess he made."—Judge.

THE JOKE AS A POWER.

It Is Rapidly Becoming Mightier Than the Pen.

Men who fear nothing else shrink from a joke upon themselves. Soldiers who do not flinch before opposing guns dread to be made ridiculous. Woe to the national hero who makes one trifling mistake which may subject him to clever caricature! His meritorious career is henceforth shadowed by one colored illustration. A comic paper will tip the scales of justice, snatch the victor's prize from his extended palm and rob the orator of choicest laurels. A brilliant satire will mar the fortunes of the greatest statesman, a laugh will turn the tide of a political convention.

Joke is fast becoming mightier than the pen. The orator has learned its value, and even the clergyman resorts to it when he desires to stir the flagging interest of his flock. It furnishes sufficient excuse for the impertinence of children, and in its name the daily papers deride the highest national dignitaries.

What is the meaning of its steady growth in power and what results may we predict from its humorous tyranny? Is there a chance that our keen relief for fun may finally produce a kind of humorous dyspepsia, resulting from overindulgence, unless with epicurean discrimination we demand quality, not quantity, and stubbornly refuse to swallow other than that which should appease a wholesome, may cultivated appetite in jokes?—Caroline Ticknor in Atlantic.

Trifles as Trifles.

We are so constituted that what is occurring at the moment interests us often out of all proportion to its importance. For example, we are thrown off our balance by the merest trifles perhaps which occur today, but which in a week's time may have no significance whatever. Obstacles which seem like mountains when we meet them dwindle away to molehills when we get away from them.

Even what seems tragedy at the moment in the future may be the most innocent comedy.

Most of us are so constituted that we will make almost any sacrifice for present peace. It would seem easier to have an arm or a leg amputated two years hence than to lose a finger today! It is human nature to shrink from pain, and we purchase release at almost any cost. If we could only train the mind to look at today's trouble and annoyance from the standpoint of the future, it would be much easier to bear.—Success.

Locked In With a Maniac.

The writer was once suspected of a patient whom he had no suspicion of being mad until the latter got out of bed, turned the key of the door and preferred a mild request to the writer to have his throat cut, handing him at the same time an open pocketknife, which he produced from underneath his pillow. I objected to the knife as being too small for the purpose and begged to be allowed to go for my case of amputating knives, with which, I explained, the operation could be performed with great neatness and dispatch. He unlocked the door at once, binding me over to secrecy and urging me to lose no time in returning. I drove home, reported the case to the authorities and came back with assistance. He was secured with great difficulty and sent to the asylum.—London Tit-Bits.

Harmony in the Leaves of a Tree.

One of the remarkable characteristics of a tree is the process of leafage, and if we examine the bough upon which the leaves grow the admiration of the scientific agriculturist will become thoroughly aroused over the perfect consistency and artistic skill manifested in the arrangement of each spray and the exact number of leaves arranged with the most exquisite art and regularity. Every group of leaves forms merely long lines—some short and some long—some two, three or four in the same position, yet all so perfect and harmoniously blended that there can be no antagonism, no sameness and all those thousands and thousands of strange and delicate forms grouped together, neither confused nor ill arranged.

A Famous Portrait Painter's Opinion.

The famous artist Von Lenbach had one great dominant principle—that out of nature one should grasp and hold fast but not cling in portraiture, the head; that this exponent of the soul must stand out in undisturbed unity; that accessories of whatever kind, whether dress or form, must distract and weaken the impression that the head should produce; that a portrait to attain its highest aim and significance must look out from a background of nothingness and must be shorn of every detail that interferes with this unity of purpose.—Cosmopolitan.

Literary Hand Me Out.

"An' how did you fare at the house on the hill?" inquired Wandering Willie of Meandering Mike.
"Fine," replied the meanderer. "The lady gave me a little of most everything you could mention."
"Not hash?"
"No. A pocket dictionary."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Sadie's Gossip.

Teacher—Can any little girl tell me who was Columbus?
Sadie (frantically snapping her fingers)—I know.
Teacher—Well, Sadie?
Sadie—Columbus, the gem of the boy, leave the room!

Both Defective.

She—You make love like a novice.
He—Well, we're both defective. I ought to make love like an expert, and you ought not to know the difference.—Life.

His Engaging Remark.

Mr. Dunhead—Nelson was coming to call, but I told him you would be engaged this evening.
Miss Olenau (rapturously)—Oh, William!—Princeton Tiger.

Human Nature.

For fifty years has been the best in the world. Double throughout, warranted waterproof, soft and smooth. Will not crack, peel off or become brittle. Catalogue free. N. Y. Belling and Packing Co., 101 N. 3rd Street, St. Louis, Mo.

M. E. Church Services.

Preaching every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school, 2 p. m. Sermon by Rev. G. H. Van Vleet, pastor.

The Amador Ledger and Weekly Record-Union only \$2.50 a year.

FUR TRAPPERS.

The Kind of Life They Lead Up in the Wilds of Canada.

"You admire furs," commented an old trapper as he sat contentedly smoking his pipe. "You should go where we get them. Ah, that is the life—pure air, plain, wholesome food and then after the season's work that brigade of fur loaded canoes going off down the lakes. Every canoe is loaded, you know, almost to the gunwale, and they string out one behind the other, a long line of them. They usually start out early in the morning and paddle, paddle, paddle, hour after hour down this stream, through that lake and so into civilization.

"But they don't forget to eat—oh, no! About noon they go ashore. They 'snub' the canoes to overhanging trees and hunt around for a good fat rock on which to start their fire. But those fellows don't take an hour for lunch—no. Time is too valuable to them. They take a drink of tea, a bite of pork. That is about all. Then they are off again. The men spell each other at the paddles, and occasionally the canoes are bunched by steersmen for a good smoke.

"When night comes, the brigade goes ashore and pitches its camp. Tents are put up, campfires lighted and the supper prepared, great clouds of black flies and mosquitoes hovering around. Some of the men busy themselves preparing the great brown fapjacks for the next day, while others dry their moccasins or get their blankets ready to bunk in. Perhaps a canoe has to be patched the next morning before the start can be made.

"Oh, it is a great life up there in the wilds of Canada, where they get the furs. You should try it."—New York Tribune.

The 'Tom' of Bedlams.

In the old days, when the supply of lunatics exceeded their accommodation at Bethlehem hospital, the difficulty was not met by the building of temporary annexes, but by the admission of outdoor patients, who went by the name of Tom of Bedlams. As an old chronicler tells us: "They had on their left arm an armilla of tin about four inches long. They wore about their necks a great horn of an ox in a string or lewdry, which when they came to a house for alms they did wind, and they did put the drink given them into this horn, where they did put a stopple." It was found, however, "that several vagrant persons do wander about the city of London and countries, pretending themselves to be lunatics under cure in the hospital of Bethlehem, with brass plates about their arms and inscriptions thereon," and these occasional patients had in consequence to be abolished in 1675.—London Chronicle.

Boys Who Play Ball on Sunday.

The bishop coadjutor of Pennsylvania, Alexander Mackay-Smith, was on the way one Sunday morning from the Bryn Mawr railroad station to the chapel of Bryn Mawr college, where he was to preach.

As he drove in the hired station wagon along the country road he saw approaching on foot a little boy with a ball and bat and a catcher's mask.

The bishop called his carriage to pull up. "Little boy," he said, leaning out, "little boy."

"Sir," returned the lad.
"Do you know where little boys go who play ball on Sunday?"

"Yes, sir," the other answered. "They go to Heston's lot, over there behind the dam."—New York Tribune.

A Brave Woman Sailor.

There are any number of instances on record of women sailing ships into port single handed when compelled thereto by some exceptional stress of circumstances. A typical case is that of the brigantine Moorburg, cholera stricken in the autumn of 1877 while on a voyage from China to Australia. The only one that escaped the pestilence was the captain's wife, and she was handicapped by having a baby in arms to suckle and attend to. Nevertheless she navigated the vessel into Brisbane, a voyage of some seven weeks' duration, reefing, steering and generally performing the work of a full crew, while tenderly nursing the sick during her spare moments.—London Tit-Bits.

A Large Order.

The proprietor of a certain restaurant had "leased" the reverse side of his bill of fare to a carriage manufacturer, who prints advertisements thereon.

The other day a customer in a great hurry ran into the restaurant, sat at a table and was handed a bill wrong side up by the hurried waiter.

The customer put on his place-nose, curled his mustache with his left hand and shouted in a voice of thunder:

"Bring me a dy, a landau, two victorias and a dogcart! Got any wheelbarrows?"

The waiter fled.—London Answers.

The Information Was Erroneous.

"Yes, Johnnie, what is it?"
"Ma, isn't pa half bright?"
"Why, what makes you ask such a question?"

"'Cause I heard Mr. Highball say that if pa was half bright he would never have married you."

"Mr. Highball is a bad man, Johnnie. Your papa is one of the brightest men this country ever produced."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Their Opposite Roles.

"You say that Scrambles and you played in opposite roles on the night he ran away with the box office receipts. How was that?"

"While I was appearing he was disappearing."—Baltimore Herald.

Trouble, like cayenne pepper, is not very agreeable in itself, but it gives zest to other things.

Sawyer's Oil Clothing

For fifty years has been the best in the world. Double throughout, warranted waterproof, soft and smooth. Will not crack, peel off or become brittle. Catalogue free. N. Y. Belling and Packing Co., 101 N. 3rd Street, St. Louis, Mo.

You Know What You Are Taking

When you take Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic because the formula is plainly printed on every bottle showing that it is simply Iron and Quinine in a tasteless form. No Cure, No Pay. 50c.



I have had occasion to use your Black-Draught Stock and Poultry Medicine and am pleased to say that I never used anything for stock that gave half as good satisfaction. I heartily recommend it to all owners of stock.

J. B. BELSER, St. Louis, Mo.

Sick stock or poultry should not eat cheap stock food any more than sick persons should expect to be cured by food. When your stock and poultry are sick give them medicine. Don't stuff them with worthless stock foods. Unload the bowels and stir up the torpid liver and the animal will be cured, if it is possible to cure it. Black-Draught Stock and Poultry Medicine unloads the bowels and stirs up the torpid liver. It cures every malady of stock if taken in time. Secure a 25-cent can of Black-Draught Stock and Poultry Medicine and it will pay for itself ten times over. Horses work better. Cows give more milk. Hogs gain flesh. And hens lay more eggs. It solves the problem of making as much blood, flesh and energy as possible out of the smallest amount of food consumed. Buy a can from your dealer.

A Lucky Big Winning.

"In the old days," said a Colorado man, "Senator Tom Bowen came to Denver from Arkansas down on his hunk. Steve Dorsey had just defeated him for the United States senate.

"Tom didn't seem to catch on in Denver, though he was a good lawyer. He was run down at the heel, and he took to pin pool to kill time. The stakes were usually a round of drinks and a bunch of mining stocks, the par value of the stocks represented being entirely consistent with the cost of paper and the price of printing. It was always a real hardship on Tom when he lost. The drinks had to be paid for in cash, you know. But he seldom lost, and, do you know, the little woman at home used to go through his pockets every night for mining stocks.

"Well, one day there was a high strike in a prospect not so very far from Denver, and in telling his wife about it the future senator sighed that he wished he owned a few shares. 'I think you do, dear,' answered the little woman, and then to make sure she went and looked over her possessions. To make a long story short, Tom Bowen went down town that afternoon with securities worth half a million in his pocket, and he remembered that he had won them all in a single half day not long before."—New York Telegram.

Objected to Free Puffs.